

# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori,  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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## *The Master's Call*

It was in the marts of Mammon,  
In the fevered rush for gold,  
And the flames of lust burned brighter  
As my heart grew hard and cold.  
It was in this sordid battle,  
Mid the mad world's busy hum,  
That a voice fell on my spirit,  
And the Master whispered, "Come."

Oh I saw men's souls around me,  
In the gruesome grasp of Death,  
And beheld their spirits wither,  
Neath the world's satanic breath.  
Then my soul grew sad within me  
At the sight of human woe,  
And I burned with zeal to save them,  
When the Master whispered, "Go."

Bitter tears of toil and sorrow  
Seemed the fruits my labors bore,  
And my heart was sad and weary  
By the battle bruised and sore.  
Then I cried, "Is there no power  
That can lift these souls above?"  
Did an angel voice the answer  
Or the Master whisper: "Love?"

Thus I learned the sacred lesson  
How to raise men's hearts on high,  
For the love we bear our brethren  
To the Master draws them nigh.  
Let me spend my life in loving  
Till my senses all are numb,  
And I wait with joy the echo  
Of that first sweet whisper: "Come."

—F. J. Melvin, C. Ss. R.

## FATHER TIM CASEY

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You would have known it at a glance—they were bound for the State Fair. The whole family was in evidence, pa and ma and Silas—and entirely too much in evidence was Miss Amanthy, who had for the first time donned the latest style of scanty gown, and whose natural modesty kept torturing her with the uncomfortable feeling that she had left her room in a hurry and forgotten something—in evidence too, was "Baby" Hiram, whenever he was not trying to crawl under the seat and get at the lunch while his elders were discussing the crops along the track. Hiram had been the "Baby" for so long that he was now a great clumsy youth of fourteen.

The crammed lunch basket was at last produced and legally opened. The seats were turned, and Hiram had to change places with Amanthy who got dizzy when she rode with her back toward the engine; but the leg of spring chicken that fell to his share did not taste half so sweet as its mate which he had clandestinely devoured a half hour previously. While pa was taking long, sounding draughts from the bottle of cold tea, his head thrown back and his eye roving about, reviewing his fellow passengers, he stopped short and pointed to a man a few seats ahead, in black suit and Roman collar, intently perusing a little black book with gilt edges.

"The consarned hypocrite!" he sputtered, "readin' the Bible in public; pretendin' he loves it! And he won't let the people get as much as a peep at it. He knows mighty well that if they read the Bible their eyes will be opened to the wickedness of Romish superstition and they'll renounce the scarlet woman seated on the seven hills. The consarned hypocrite!"

"That's not a Bible, pa," contradicted Silas, who had knocked about a bit and had seen enough of the world outside the bigoted, little backwoods settlement where he was born to be a trifle ashamed of his father's narrowness. "It's just a book the priests have to read when they ride on the train."

"What's it about?" queried Amanthy.

"I don't know," replied Silas; "sermons or something, I guess. Or, may be, it's the rules for them drills they go through in the church, with all them funny clothes on."

"I think, Silas, it's something worse than that," said ma solemnly. "They wouldn't be reading the same book all the time to learn sermons

or rules. I'd be mighty surprised if it hadn't something to do with the black art. I seen priests looking at a person and moving their lips while they held the little black book closed. They were repeating some spell or charm to get the person in their power.—Amanthy, you put a leetle too much cinnamon in this apple sass."

"Ah, ma," persisted Silas, "the priests you saw doing that were just trying to learn something by heart that they read in the book. Ask that man behind you about the priest's book. He looks like an Irishman, and all the Irish are Catholics."

"Mister," she said, tugging at the coat sleeve of the man in question, "what's that book about that your priests are always reading?"

"The book is it?" said he in a deep, rich brogue. "Why, that's his Office."

"But what's it about?"

"Shure, ma'am, it's Latin. You wouldn't understand it at all," he said, trying to evade the question he could not answer.

"Well, even if it is Latin, it has to be about something that can be told in English, don't it?"

"Shure, ma'am, ask the priest. He'll be plazed—"

"Ask the priest," broke in pa fretfully. "That's what you Catholics always say. Ask the priest. Why don't you learn something about your religion yourselves?"

But Pat (we shall presume that was his name) was determined not to let slip the chance of enlightening these "haythens." Accordingly he approached the priest.

"Would yer reverence mind explainin' to these people what the Office is about. They're dying to know." [Then, under his breath]: "They're Prodestans."

Much to their discomfiture, Father Timothy Casey, for such was the name of the priest, rose and took the vacant seat opposite the family bound for the State Fair.

"The Office or Breviary," he began, "is a form of prayer which every priest is obliged under pain of mortal sin to recite daily. It consists of four books like this one—a special book for each of the four seasons of the year. The portion assigned for each day requires from an hour to an hour and a half in the recitation. This daily assignment generally consists of a short life of the saint whose feast is being celebrated that day, a short selection from the writings of St. Augustine, St. Gregory, St. Chrysostom, or some other great Doctor

of the Church, and several of the most beautiful and striking passages of the Bible. To this is added a certain number of recitations of the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, the Glory be to the Father, the Apostles' Creed, the Confiteor, and other admirable prayers."

"An hour and a half is a purty considerable lot of time to waste every day," growled pa. "But I reckon you priests have to find some way of filling up your time."

"Well," returned Father Casey, "I'll give you a sample of my day's work, and you can judge how much I have to worry about filling up my time. I rise at five, devote an hour and a half to meditation, Mass, and thanksgiving, go through the morning mail, answer sometimes a dozen business letters, teach catechism in the school for an hour, meet callers at all times, oversee repair work in church, school, hall, and house, attend to sick calls that come to me by day or night, devote several hours to preparing my sermons, instruct a few converts, and look up the poor of the parish and try to get help for them, or the black sheep, and try to bring them back to the fold. That is why I have to take advantage of every spare moment even while riding on the train, to say my Office, instead of reciting it at my leisure in the church, as I would prefer to do. It is only now that I realize that the easiest time of my life was when I was a boy plowing corn on the western prairie."

"Then why do you waste an hour and a half every day reading that book?" queried pa, who began to warm to the priest when he learned that he had been brought up on the farm.

"You see, my friend, the Church has made a strict law obliging us to say the Office, and we have no choice but to obey. Besides, it doesn't exactly seem to be a waste of time to spend a while every day of our lives reading the Word of God, the lives of the greatest men and women that ever lived, and the writings of the master minds of God's Church. Such daily reading elevates and ennobles the mind of the priest and makes him better fitted for his work of saving souls. Then, too, the Office is a prayer—the very best form of prayer, for it is nearly all taken from the Bible. And we all need to pray if we want God to help us to do what is right. The priest needs prayer more than any one else, because he has harder duties to perform and stronger temptations to overcome. On the day that he is ordained a Sub-deacon, he takes a solemn vow of chastity, that is, he makes a sacred promise to God never to marry and never to do, say, or think anything



contrary to the holy virtue of purity. At the very moment that he makes this vow the Church puts into his hands the Office, and commands him to say that prayer every day of his life, in order to obtain from God the strength necessary to keep these difficult obligations."

"Be-utiful!" sighed Amanthy.

"The really beautiful part of the explanation is yet to come," said Father Casey. "I have so far spoken only of the personal benefit which the priest derives from the daily recitation of the Office. By far the principal benefit of the Office is that derived by every member of the Church of God, for the priest recites the Office in his capacity of official of the Church of God, in the name of all the members of that Church."

"Almighty God created us all," said Father Casey, settling down to explanation. "To Him we are indebted for our body and our soul, our life, our strength, and every faculty that we possess. It is simply and solely by the power of God that we think and speak and act—to Him we are indebted for each breath that we draw, for each beat of our heart. Therefore, by a strict law of justice, every human being should give everything back to God. We should give our time and our life to God in a continual service of praise and prayer. Since we cannot do this, the Church of God, of which we are members, performs this duty in our name, and she performs it by means of her priests. It is for this end she commands them to say the Office. But since even the priest cannot pray continually, she commands him to divide the Office into eight distinct parts, distributing them over the twenty-four hours of the day in such a manner as to represent as nearly as possible the perpetual sacrifice of praise and prayer which we owe to God. These eight parts of the Office are: Matins, which should be recited at midnight; Lauds, at dawn; Prime, at sunrise, which used to be called the first hour of the day; Tierce, at nine, which used to be called the third hour; Sext, at noon, which used to be called the sixth hour; None, at three, which used to be called the ninth hour; Vespers, at sunset; and Compline, at bedtime. It is true that priests engaged in parish work like myself cannot observe these hours in practice, but we come as near to it as we can. However, there are thousands of priests in the world who meet daily in monastery chapels, in churches, or cathedrals, and recite, or even chant, the Office nearly at the hours I have indicated. Thus you see that when the priest recites the Office it is not principally for himself, but for all the mem-

bers of God's Church living and dead. Neither does the value of this prayer depend upon the holiness of the priest who recites it. It is not his prayer; it is the prayer of the Church. He is reciting the prayer of the Church, in the name of the Church, as a minister or official of the Church. In other words, it is the Church that prays; the priest is only her mouthpiece. We know that the prayer of the Church is bound to be most pleasing to Christ, for she is the Mystical Body of Christ, and Christ is her Head; she is the spotless Bride of Christ, and Christ is her Spouse. Therefore, when she prays, Christ will certainly grant her prayer. From this you can see the unspeakable value of the Office, the perpetual prayer which the Church offers to Christ by the mouth of her priest for all her members living and dead."

"For the future," continued Father Casey, rising, "whenever you see a Catholic priest reading a little black book with gilt edges, you will know that Christ's Church is offering to God the perpetual sacrifice of praise and supplication in the name of all her members; that one of the most powerful prayers ever uttered by human lips is ascending to the throne of God on behalf of men."

"I think," said ma, "that our ministers ought to say the Office too. Pa, I want you to bring up the question at the next meeting of the elders in the Presbytery."

"My good woman, don't be too hasty about imposing this obligation on your ministers. I fancy that it would be most inconvenient to put the baby to sleep and recite the Office at the same time," said Father Casey.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

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## ESTABLISHMENT OF REDEMPTORIST BURSSES AND SCHOLARSHIPS

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### II.

In an article which, under the above caption, appeared in the September Liguorian, the writer of the present article expressed the opinion that the very best, because the surest and most reliable way, of providing for the adequate support of the students preparing in the Redemptorist House of Higher Studies to become priests and missionaries, is by means of the establishment of Redemptorist Burses and Scholarships.

To be convinced of the merits of this mode of providing for the support of the aforesaid students, we need but examine the meaning of the terms—burse and scholarship.

By a burse or scholarship is meant a fund or an endowment established in an educational institute for the continuous support of some deserving student. In other words, the establishment of a burse or scholarship consists in donating to an educational institute a specified sum of money, with the understanding that the capital donated shall forever remain intact, but shall be invested in such a manner that the annual revenue derived from the invested capital shall be applied in perpetuity, that is to say, for all time, to the annual support of some deserving student who stands in need of such support, in order to be able to prosecute his studies. To found a Redemptorist burse, therefore, means to donate to the Society of Redemptorist Fathers a specified sum of money, with the understanding that the money donated shall be safely and profitably invested, and that the annual interest accruing from this investment shall be devoted exclusively and for all time to defraying the annual expense of supporting a Redemptorist Student during his years of training in the Redemptorist House of Higher Studies.

As will be noticed, the feature that especially commends this manner of supporting a student lies in the fact that it provides for the support not only of one student, or even of several students, during the lifetime of the burse's founder, but that it provides for the continuous support of an indefinite number of students who will be the beneficiaries of the endowment not only during the founder's lifetime, but long after he shall have departed this life; for, when one student by the aid of such an endowment or burse has completed his studies, the endowment automatically passes on to some other student who will be beginning his studies and who for a number of years will be in need of the same assistance.

At present the St. Louis Province of Redemptorists has forty-seven students who, having finished their Novitiate and made their Religious Profession, are pursuing their higher studies in the Redemptorist House of Studies at Oconomowoc, Wis. This course of higher studies lasts for a period of six years; two years being devoted to the study of Philosophy, Hebrew and Church History; and four years being devoted to the study of Dogmatic and Moral Theology, Sacred Scripture, Apologetics, Canon Law, Pastoral Theology and Liturgy. During

six years, therefore, every Redemptorist Student can be aided by the foundation of a burse or scholarship.

To cover the annual expense of board, clothing and tuition requires for every student, approximately, the sum of \$250.00. A burse, therefore, that is to be considered adequate for the support of one student, must be large enough to produce annually a \$250.00 revenue. This means that it must represent a capital of not less than \$5,000.00, which, when placed out at interest at 5 per cent, will exactly produce the required annual revenue.

Now, we are well aware that some of our readers are so situated that they cannot individually found a complete burse; but, no doubt, there are many who are able to contribute a notable part of that amount, and who by doing so can at least help to found a full burse of \$5,000.00. Some, for instance, might be able to give one-half of a burse, or \$2,500.00; others a fifth, or \$1,000.00; and still others a tenth, or \$500.00. Many more would, certainly, be able to contribute smaller amounts of say \$200, \$100, \$50, \$20, \$10, or even less. All such small amounts, when put together, will, eventually, make up an entire burse, and for this reason every contribution, be it ever so small, will be gratefully accepted. It is our intention to publish in the Liguorian all contributions, whether large or small, towards the foundation of a Redemptorist burse or scholarship. As soon as one burse has been completed, another will at once be opened and its growth promptly and regularly recorded in the Liguorian. To make more certain of enlisting Heaven's favor in behalf of this important undertaking, every new burse will bear the name of, and will be placed under the patronage of some particular Saint or of our Blessed Lady under one of her approved titles, or may be dedicated to the mysteries in our dear Lord's life. Thus, the first Redemptorist burse that will be established will be dedicated to our Lady Immaculate, the august patroness of our House of Higher Studies at Oconomowoc.

As to the motives that should induce us to invest at least a small portion of our earthly possessions in the foundation of a Redemptorist burse, surely there cannot be a nobler work of religion or a greater work of charity than to help a young man who is already a professed religious to realize the fondest wish of his heart, to reach the goal of his aspirations, which is to become a priest of God and a missionary of God's Holy Church. As a priest, he will give infinite glory to God by daily offering up the adorable sacrifice of the new law. And, as a

missionary priest, he will be an Apostle, laboring for the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth, by making Christ's Church and her doctrines better known and, consequently, better loved. In God's hands he will prove to be an instrument for the salvation of countless immortal souls to whom, by his preaching and sacramental ministrations, he will apply, in a more plentiful manner, the saving fruits of the Redemption. Moreover, as we have seen, by the foundation of a Redemptorist burse, the founder provides for the making and training of not only one such Apostle and Representative of Christ, but of an indefinite number of them, so that long after he has passed out of this world, the divine work of aiding in the formation of priests and missionaries, which he inaugurated during his life, will continue to go on and to bear fruit for all time to come. Add to this the consoling assurance that the founders, both in full and in part, of a Redemptorist burse will have, for all time, a distinct share in all the honor which these priests and missionaries will procure for God, and in all the good which they will accomplish for souls, since to the founders of these burses it will in great measure be owing that the Redemptorist Order will be able to carry on the divine work of giving missions, for which it was called into existence by the great St. Alphonsus.

Surely, to invest one's money in so noble a cause means to invest it "where neither the rust nor the moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." It means to place it securely in the treasury of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that heart which will never fail us, but will repay a thousandfold whatever we shall have done for His priests and missionaries. We feel certain that these motives of Faith need but to be brought to the notice of our Catholic people to cause many of them to give a generous response.

Here it may also be well to mention that the founders, either in full or in part, of Redemptorist burses by that very fact enjoy the privilege that both they and their families have a daily share in all the Holy Masses that are offered up each day by the Redemptorist Fathers, and in all the prayers that are said and in all the good works that are performed each day by every member of the Order, whether he be a Father, a Student, a Novice, or a Brother.

I close this article with a fervent prayer to our Lady of Perpetual Help that she may inspire many readers of the Liguorian with the desire and resolve to establish, or at least to generously aid in establishing, a burse for the support of our students who are preparing to

become Redemptorist priests and missionaries. All contributions towards the foundation of a burse may be sent to the Rev. C. D. McEnniry, Rector of the House of Higher Studies, care of Redemptorist Fathers, Oconomowoc, Wis., or to Very Rev. Thos. P. Brown, C. Ss. R., Provincial, 1118 North Grand Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Every contribution received will be duly and promptly acknowledged. Any further information desired on the subject will be cheerfully given through the columns of the Liguorian, or by personal communication.

THOS. P. BROWN, C. Ss. R.,

Provincial of the St. Louis Province  
of Redemptorists.

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- I. Burse or scholarship in honor of our Immaculate Mother Mary (already contributed).....\$1,000.00
  - II. Burse in honor of the Sacred Heart.
  - III. Burse in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (closed) ..... 5,000.00
  - IV. Burse in honor of St. Alphonsus.
  - V. Burse in honor of St. Joseph.
  - VI. Burse in honor of St. Gerard.

Those who desire to become founders of a scholarship will please state under which of the foregoing titles they would like their names entered.

Please note that through the generosity of a kind benefactor, the burse in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help is already completed.

Devout readers, we implore you to invoke the powerful intercession of the Patron of each scholarship so that the hearts of the faithful may be moved, by the love they bear our Holy Mother the Church, to contribute generously to this noble cause, so that the burses here mentioned will soon be completed and new burses opened.

The total amount contributed to each scholarship will be mentioned each month in the Liguorian.

The names of the founders, together with the amount of their contributions, will be recorded and preserved forever in the Archives of our House of Studies.

J. M. J. A.

# Instructions for Making Contributions TO THE Redemptorist Scholarships

## FORMULA THAT MAY BE USED:

Rev. and dear Father:

Wishing to contribute towards the establishment of Scholarships for the education and maintenance of the Professed Students of the Redemptorist Order, I hereby convey to you my offering—

Name .....

City and State.....

Street Address .....

Amount .....

Complete Scholarship.....\$5,000.00

One Half " ..... 2,500.00

One Fourth " ..... 1,250.00

One Fifth " ..... 1,000.00

One Tenth " ..... 500.00

All other sums, no matter how small, will be thankfully accepted, and the donors will thereby become Associate Members of the Scholarships.

Contributions may be sent to the Rev. Thos. P. Brown, C. Ss. R., 1118 N. Grand Ave., St. Louis, Mo., or to Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C. Ss. R., Redemptorist Fathers Seminary, Box A —Oconomowoc, Wis.



## CHARITY EVER FIRST

ST. LUKE, XIV, 1-6

*The banquet of bitterness:* "And it came to pass when Jesus went into the house of one of the Pharisees on the Sabbath day to eat bread, that they watched Him." Probably it was early springtime, between December and Easter, the last of His life. One word stands out prominently: "It was on the Sabbath day." How often does this day bring our Lord into clash with His enemies and even into danger of death! It should have been a day of rest and prayer and joy; and full many a time it brought Him the bitterest sorrow.

*A banquet on the Sabbath* is quite natural. The Jews usually coupled rejoicing with their feasts. If Roman authors, such as Tacitus, imagined that the Sabbath was kept by them as a fast, they were mistaken. The blunder, however, might be due to the fact that the Jews prepared their meals on the previous day, and hence no trace of cookery was visible on the Sabbath itself; or perhaps also, to their custom of postponing the meal till the more solemn services of religion had been performed. The prophet Isaiah (LVIII:3) explains the tinge of mirth and gladness that clings to their ideas of the Sabbath: "If thou call the Sabbath delightful . . . then shalt thou be delighted in the Lord." The Book of Nehemias affords a happy illustration: "And Nehemias said: This is a holy day to the Lord our God; do not mourn nor weep. For all the people wept when they heard the words of the Law. And he said to them: Go, eat fat meats, and drink sweet wine, and send portions to them that have not prepared for themselves; because it is the holy day of the Lord; and be not sad, for the joy of the Lord is our strength" (VIII:9-12). If we consult the traditions of the Talmud we feel that they are pervaded by the same breath of gaiety. All the people are to put on their best garments. They are to spend the day in amusement and recreation. Three meals are recommended as special incidents of the Sabbath routine. The first of these was taken on the eve of Sabbath: the father of the family was to inaugurate the coming of the holy day by a cup of wine and appropriate prayers; then all went to sleep while the lamps were kept burning. The second meal was taken on the Sabbath itself, about noon, immediately after the service in the synagogue. The third was prescribed for the evening, just before the close of the Jewish Sabbath; the father again marked the passing of the sacred time and the arrival of the profane by the "cup of separation," and a suitable formula of prayers. It seems that our story occurred at the noon meal, "in the house of one of the chief of the Pharisees." Evidently he was a person of importance; one whom the Pharisees revered as leader and head. He may have won this distinction by his wealth, or the prestige of his family, or his own personal merits; more likely, by a pretty conspicuous combination of the three. Consequently we may well imagine that house to have been something akin to a palace, in which wealth and magnificence glittered in the artistic furniture, rustled from the gorgeous tapestry, was woven into the costly carpets, was exhaled from fragrant flowers and precious perfumes, and crowded the creaking tables with most delicious viands. Hence we may form a fair idea of the company present. Only the élite of Pharisaic society would assemble here. This guess is sustained by the three banquet-parables which our Lord will propose: He will tell them not to covet the highest places; will bid them invite also the poor, and will warn them that the rich are liable to be excluded from the banquet of grace (see the rest of the chapter). "They watched him." This gives the clue to the temper and spirit of the assembly. They were the most powerful, the most clever, the bitterest of our Lord's opponents. The holiness of the Lord's day could not chase the demon of envy from their hearts. The gaiety of the Sabbath could not lull their hate to rest



a moment. They had just come from the Sabbath-service where they were first and loudest in their show of love for God, and now they were plotting to ensnare God's Holy One. They were gathered round the festive board where trust and friendliness should reign, and they made it a mask for treachery. They must have chuckled to themselves; for all was in their favor. The brilliance of this splendid assembly must overwhelm all opposition, and crush it into ignominious silence. The assurance that all were kindred spirits, lent volume to their courage. The freedom and mutual trust prevailing at banquets may, throw its winsome spell over the Great Prophet; He might allow some indiscreet word to slip from His lips; He might stumble upon some ill-advised act; and they would have matter for accusation and defamation.

*How the tables were turned:* "And behold, there was a certain man before Him that had the dropsy. And Jesus answering spoke to the lawyers and Pharisees: Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? But they held their peace." The Pharisees were in best of spirits; smiling and nodding to each other, and indulging in many a whispered sneer at our Lord. He had come to the feast because invited; as he had been invited to the wedding of Cana, to the banquet in the homes of Matthew and Zaccheus and Simon the Pharisee. Even their determined hostility could not chill His charity. He would use every possible chance of offering them His grace. Though He might fail with themselves; still He saw the poor servants and bystanders, and their humble hearts might accept the seed of grace.

a) *The sick man* was present, perhaps, because he had been a servant in the house. He may have entered according to oriental custom; according to which such banquets were semi-public affairs to which the idle were welcome as onlookers, and where the beggar might secure a meager alms. Throughout the Gospel story, this is the first and only instance of the cure of dropsy. St. Luke, being a physician himself, could well recognize the nature of the disease. Dropsy may be roughly described as "a symptom occurring in several diseases. It consists of the effusion of watery fluid from the blood into the skin and subjacent tissues, or into the cavities of the body. . . . Dropsy most commonly depends on diseases of the heart, or kidneys, or upon the condition of the blood. It is, however, a matter of some difficulty to find the proper remedy in every individual case. In all cases of dropsy, the internal organs should be submitted to a strict medical examination, and the treatment regulated accordingly. . . . When internal medicines fail to remove an accumulation of dropsical fluid, or when it is due to pressure which cannot be relieved, it often becomes necessary to evacuate the fluid by tapping; that is, by making an incision into the cavity and drawing off the fluid through a tube." Tapping of itself may bring temporary relief, but does not cure the disease; and is often repeated several times in the course of the same illness. The cure, therefore, is difficult and slow to science. But see how Christ cured it.

b) *The challenge:* Our Lord rose to speak and all eyes rest on Him. They must have admired him. They noticed how the sick man had himself brought nearer to Christ. That alone was a splendid testimony to his confidence in our Lord's miraculous powers. They noticed how our Lord's eyes were riveted on that silent, wistful face; for the dropsical man did not even utter a word. But no need of it. They noticed the look of sympathy settle on His features and glisten in His eyes. Well did they know that the faintest beat of that Sacred Heart could rouse all the giant powers of omnipotence to work; and perhaps they began to fear. Our Lord stood before them, calm and tranquil and majestic. Though He read their malice in their eyes and saw it in their hearts, He now prepares to speak without fear or cringing, without respect of persons. Fully conscious of His infinite superiority and their boundless in-

significance, He addresses all present, naming especially the ablest and bitterest of His foes: "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath?" He does not wait till they have formulated some insidious question; charity to the unfortunate sufferer is pressing Him on to immediate action. And yet he does allow a short pause: perhaps common sense will assert itself and bring even His enemies to reflection. Thus He allays the scruples of the patient who revered the Pharisees as his guides and teachers. Now he sees that they cannot guide him; even seem to give assent by their silence. Thus He shows His very enemies all the deference they can claim, for He seems to consult them before taking any steps in the matter. Thus He offers the master of the house a mark of delicate politeness, for He will not do anything in his house that is open to fair criticism, without his assent.

c) And how was the *challenge met*? "They held their peace." Silence; the silence of defeat and chagrin. They could not answer in the affirmative or allow the cure; for they so often complained of His cures on the Sabbath; and had so often denounced Him on this account before the people; they would not pronounce against themselves. Nor could they forbid it: because no law forbade it; charity urged him to do so; and they dreaded another of those stinging refutations under which they writhed and squirmed ere this. Besides, they were bound to answer; for they posed as teachers and masters in Israel. How His outspoken majesty contrasts with their skulking silence! Surely their reason convinced them that our Lord was in the right; for if any valid objection had occurred to them they must have presented it then, before the pretended mischief was done. Their lips were sealed by hatred: for they only wished to see Him do the thing for which they could traduce and blackmail Him afterwards. Their voices were smothered by pride; for they dreaded that wondrous wisdom which now flashed from His eyes. So matters had come to a seeming deadlock.

*The triumph of charity*: "But He taking him healed him and sent him away. And answering them He said: Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fall into a pit, and will not immediately draw him out on the Sabbath day? And they could not answer Him to these things." The silence was intense now. It lay heavy and oppressive like an omen of disaster upon the cowering hearts of his enemies. It was freighted with almost incredible hopes for the heart of the sick man.

Quietly now does He come close to the sick man: nothing can stop Him; not the malice of men; not the iron laws of nature. "*Taking him.*" As the patient lay upon a stretcher or light cot, our Lord stooped down, took him by the hand and raised him up. There was no servile work in that; no violation of the Sabbath. That act, no matter how slight, is enough to lay bare His love for us. Had He but spoken the word of power, we might adore His omnipotence; while we stand in awe of His Divinity. But when He stoops to touch the swollen hand of the infirm man we feel all the warmth and sympathy of His Human Heart; we gain the sweet assurance that He will not disdain our own miseries either. "*He healed him.*" What a sigh of joy must have burst from the breast of that sick man, when the shackles of disease were broken and he felt new health coursing through his veins. Gone were the sleepless nights; gone were the long hours of agony; gone were those dreary fears of a wretched future; gone were the shadows of death! What a murmur of delight must have rippled round that room wherever there was a candid soul and honest heart. But for the lawyers and Pharisees—they could only bite their lips in stubborn pride. Evidently God had spoken and decided the case against them. They, too, knew the nature of the disease. Of course they did not possess that knowledge of medical science which centuries of investigation have brought to us. Still they were well aware that a cure so sudden, so complete, without any drug or treatment, was beyond the reach of man. "*And sent him away.*" Why? That his gait and action and walking might convince all of the thoroughness of his cure. Surely his friends were now crowding round him; some testing the reality of his health and strength, others congratulating him upon his good fortune.

He sent him away to his dear ones that the happy tidings may reach them as soon as possible and shorten their anxiety. What rejoicing in that home when the father returned hale and sound! It evinces the generosity of our Lord, for He would permit no long demonstration of gratitude, no praise before men. It was even an undeserved mercy to His foes: for the very presence of the man cured just now must have been galling to them: now they felt their own impotence and chafed; now they must feel the dread finger of God pointed against them. Our Lord relieved them of this pang, at least. With all this, our Lord's task was not yet accomplished. The miracle might be caricatured and misrepresented by His adversaries. They would persist in describing it as unlawful and so assign it to Beelzebub, the prince of devils. So our Lord must take all reasonable means to secure the success of His ministry and guard the glory of His Father's work. Therefore He makes one more effort to convince them of the legitimacy and holiness of His deed. "Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fall into a pit and will not immediately draw him out, even on the Sabbath?" He appeals to common custom: all the nation, and this for centuries past, allowed the rescue of an animal; even though it proved a difficult and trying task. Much more: He appealed to themselves, their own teaching and their own practice; and none of them dared deny it. The very comparison employed should have filled them with shame and confusion: they allowed so much for a miserable beast of burden; why refuse this cure to a human being, the child of Abraham and the child of God? That same comparison should lift their minds to a higher plane of thought: to the law of charity, which is the most perfect fulfillment of the law. How heartless and cruel the rigor of the Pharisees now appears! Truly they bound up heavy burdens, laid them upon the shoulders of the people, and they themselves would not stir a finger to help others in carrying such an oppressive load. Our Lord, on the other hand, seeks to lighten the burden and sweeten it by His grace and applies His omnipotence to soothe our ills and pains.

"And they could not answer him to these things." Surely, our Lord allowed them every opportunity for stating their objections, if they had any. He asked their opinion before He acted. He now summoned them again when all was done. In both instances they were reduced to silence. Very probably they were not all convinced. In the Gospel of St. John we meet an example of their obstinacy. Our Lord had just restored sight to the man born blind. "Some therefore of the Pharisees said: This man is not of God who keepeth not the Sabbath. But others said: How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles?" At least a few of the bystanders may have been open to conviction and yielded to grace.

— JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

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If I offer you money, you do not say to me: "I will come tomorrow." No; you accept it at once. No one delays, no one makes excuses. The salvation of the soul is offered, and no one hurries himself.  
—*St. Ambrose.*

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A staunch and well instructed Catholic is not ashamed to raise his hat to the priest on the street. Respect for God's minister is a mark of sterling Catholicity.

## ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM ON THE REAL PRESENCE.

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This great saint and Doctor of the Church received the surname of Chrysostom, a Greek word which signifies "golden mouth," on account of his wonderful eloquence. He attained celebrity as the greatest orator of his day when a simple priest at Antioch, where for twelve years he preached regularly homilies, or sermons explaining the Holy Scriptures and doctrines of the Church, to immense crowds that flocked to hear him. His piety and learning and zeal were equal to his eloquence. It was for this reason that he was raised to the dignity of bishop of the very important See of Constantinople. As bishop he continued to preach, as before, with apostolic freedom and courage, without human respect, against error and vice. This drew upon him the envy and hatred of the great and powerful and of the Empress Eudoxia, a very vain and worldly-minded and unscrupulous woman, who prevailed upon a faction of courtier-bishops to condemn him under frivolous pretexts. In consequence of this the imperial government banished him to a wild and unhealthy region. St. John Chrysostom appealed to the Pope against his unlawful condemnation by the aforesaid bishops; the Pope took up his case and after due examination annulled the action of those unworthy bishops. But in the meantime St. John Chrysostom succumbed in exile to ill-treatment and sickness after much suffering borne with saintly patience, in 407. His appeal to the Pope against the injustice of his enemies is an unquestionable proof that in the early ages of the Church the Papal Supremacy in the Church was universally acknowledged, as well as in our own times.

Let us now see what St. John Chrysostom teaches about the Real Presence. In the sixtieth Homily to the people of Antioch he speaks as follows: "Since Jesus Christ, the Divine Word, says: 'This is My body,' let us believe His words and give our assent to them; let us behold His body with the eyes of our mind, for Christ does not show Himself to us in a sensible way, but under sensible things He gives us all that is intelligible (in other words, what we can perceive with our mind only). He has acted in like manner in baptism, for therein He bestows a gift through a sensible thing, that is, water; by means of the water there is effected something intelligible, the spiritual regeneration and renovation. For, if thou wert incorporeal (that is, hadst not a

body), He would have given thee purely incorporeal gifts; but, since in thee thy soul dwells in thy body, He gives thee intelligible things in a sensible (or material) envelope. How many among you now say: 'Oh, if I could only behold His form, His features, His clothing, His shoes!' Behold now thou seest Him, thou touchest Him, thou eatest Him! And thou desirest indeed to see His garments; and He grants thee not only to see Him, but also to eat Him, to touch Him, to receive Him within thee."

In the above quoted passage St. John Chrysostom, after telling us to believe the words of Christ when He says that the Blessed Eucharist is really His body, reminds us that God bestows His spiritual gifts, which are invisible and do not fall under our senses, bestows them on us men under a visible or material envelope, and thereby adapts Himself to our nature, for our soul which is immaterial and does not fall under the senses, dwells in our material body and is acted upon through our body. In these words of St. John Chrysostom is contained the doctrine of the Church on the Sacraments. They are visible signs instituted by Christ to impart invisible grace to the soul by their application to the body, in order to sanctify the soul.

"Therefore," continues the holy Doctor, "let no one approach (the holy Eucharist) with disgust or with indifference, but let all do so inflamed with love, fervor and eagerness. For, if the Jews ate the paschal lamb in haste, already shod and holding staves in their hands, how much more does it behoove thee to be diligent. They, indeed, were about to depart for Palestine, and were, therefore, attired as travelers; but thou must journey to heaven. Wherefore, thou shouldst in all things be watchful, for not a small punishment is inflicted on those who receive unworthily. Consider how indignant thou art against the traitor Judas and those who crucified Jesus. Beware, therefore, lest thou be guilty of the body and blood of Christ. They killed His most holy body, but thou receivest Him in a sinful soul after He has loaded thee with so many benefits. For He did not consider it enough for Him to become man, to be scourged and crucified, but He deigns to unite Himself intimately to us, and to make us His body, not only in faith, but in reality. How pure, then, should not he be who partakes of so great a sacrifice? And should not the hand which *touches* His flesh (as was the custom in receiving Communion in the early Church), be more pure and splendid than the sun's rays? And the mouth which is filled with the spiritual fire (of

Christ's love) and the tongue which is moistened with that most precious blood? Reflect on the great honor conferred on thee, on the magnificent feast thou enjoyest. What the angels behold with awe, and venture not to gaze upon on account of its dazzling brilliancy, is what we feed upon, what we are united to; thus do we become one body, one flesh with Christ. Who will narrate the powers of God and proclaim all His praises? What shepherd feeds his sheep with his own blood? And what do I say, a shepherd? Many mothers, after the pains of childbirth, entrust their children to others to be nursed. But Christ did not suffer this, for He feeds us with His own blood and most intimately unites us to Himself."

He who reads the foregoing passage of St. John Chrysostom would imagine he is reading the incomparable book of Visits by St. Alphonsus, instead of the writings of one who lived fourteen hundred years earlier. What a powerful argument of the unity of faith in the Catholic Church throughout all ages, especially in the doctrine of the Real Presence! This will be still more evident in reading the remainder of the saint's homily: "Through the mysteries (the Blessed Eucharist), Christ mingles Himself," continues St. John Chrysostom, "with each one of the faithful, and does not entrust to others, but Himself feeds those He has begotten (spiritually); by this He again convinces thee that He has assumed thy flesh (that is, become man). Let us not grow indifferent towards Him, since He has considered us worthy of so great a love and so exalted an honor. Do you not see how eagerly infants take and apply their lips to the breasts of their nurses? Let us also approach this holy table with a like eagerness and take hold of the breasts of our spiritual beverage; let us, even with greater avidity than suckling infants, suck in the spiritual graces, and let our only sorrow be to be deprived of this (divine) food. It is not the works of human virtue that are here placed before us; He who performed them at the Last Supper, now also performs them. We hold the place of His ministers (or servants; and it is He Himself who blesses and changes these (the bread and wine). Therefore, let no Judas be here present, nor any miser; for this table does not receive such guests. Let him who is truly a disciple be present, for Christ said: 'I celebrate the pasch with My disciples.' This is the same table; it contains nothing less. It is not Christ who set up the feast at the Last Supper, and (a mere) man who has set up this one; no; it is the same Christ who has set up this one also. Let no one who is



devoid of humanity, who is cruel and unmerciful, who is impure, venture to approach this feast. This I say to those who receive holy Communion and also to those who minister at the altar. For I must address you also, that you may most diligently distribute these gifts. For no small punishment awaits you, if you allow any one you know to be guilty of a grievous fault (that is, a known public sinner), to be a partaker of this feast, for Christ's blood will then be demanded at your hands. Whether he who unworthily approaches be a general, or a magistrate, or even a crowned prince, you must refuse him (holy Communion), for your power is greater than his. It is for this reason that God has bestowed so great an honor on you, that you may discern these holy things! This is your dignity, this is your own security, this is all your crown, and not that you may go about in a white and resplendent vestment. And thou, O layman, when thou seest the priest offering (the holy Sacrifice), do not imagine that it is the priest who does this, but that thou seest Christ invisibly extending his hand. Let us, then, both priests and laymen, hear of what food we have been made worthy; let us hear it and be dumbfounded. Jesus gave us His own flesh as our food and set Himself immolated before us. What excuse shall we bring, after being so generously nourished with such meats, if we sin, if, like wolves, we devour the meek Lamb, or after having, like peaceful sheep, been fed, we become devouring lions? This mystery requires us to be entirely free not only from robbery, but even from the slightest uncharitable feeling, for it is a mystery of peace. God bound the Jews to Himself by instituting solemn feasts in memory and as monuments of His benefits towards them; He has bound Himself to thee every day by these mysteries (the Sacrifice of the Mass). Let no Judas, no Simon (Magus) approach this table; both of them perished through avarice; let us flee this abyss of perdition."

In the above passage, St. Chrysostom, after exhorting his hearers to imitate the eagerness and avidity of suckling infants, whenever they go to holy Communion, tells them that the priests are the representatives of Jesus Christ, and only personating Jesus Christ when they say Mass and give holy Communion to the faithful. He then insists on the necessity of being in the state of grace in order to receive worthily the body and blood of Christ.

In his sixty-first homily to the people of Antioch, the holy Doctor speaks as follows: "It behooves us, most beloved brethren, to learn

the miracle of the mysteries, its character, why it was given, and its advantages. By it we are made one body, members, Jesus says, of His flesh and of His bones. Let us, who are initiated (that is, already members of the Church by baptism), follow what is said, that we may become one body, not so much through charity, *but in very deed*; let us mingle together in that flesh (that is, the flesh of Jesus Christ received in holy Communion). This is done through the food which He gave us, for He wished to show His desire (good will) towards us. Wherefore He mingled Himself with us and intimately penetrated us with His body, that we might become one body, as it were, attached to Him, our Head; for such is the tendency of ardent lovers."

What does St. Chrysostom mean by the foregoing words? He recalls, and, in some manner, explains the saying of St. Paul that we, Christians, are *one body* with Jesus Christ, He being the Head and we the members of that mystical body. He calls our attention to this, that we all should be, indeed, one body, not merely by observing the commandment of the love of our neighbor, but especially through holy Communion, in which we receive the flesh of Jesus Christ, are incorporated in His body and become, as it were, one body with Him and with one another; and being by holy Communion one with Jesus Christ, we should be one with one another, for it is in Him, in the reception of His body, that we are incorporated together in Him. Hence the reception of the body of Jesus Christ is very properly called *Communion*, for by it Jesus Christ becomes for all the faithful the "*common bond of union*," as the head is the common bond of union for all the members of the body.

Let us now consider the conclusions the saint draws from what he has just said: "When we leave the holy table (of Communion), we should be like lions breathing forth fire, terrible to the devil, meditating on our Head (Jesus Christ) and on the love He manifests to us. Mothers often give their infants to be nursed by others; but I, He says to us, do not act thus; I feed you with My own flesh; I give Myself to you as your nourishment, wishing you all to be generous, and to give you good hopes for the next life, for since I give Myself to you here below, I will do it still more perfectly in the future life. I wished to become your brother, and for your sakes I assumed human flesh and blood; and now again I deliver to you the very flesh and blood, by which I became your relative."

Nothing can be more positive and explicit than these words of the



holy Doctor, to show that Jesus Christ in holy Communion bestows on us His real flesh and His real blood in order to unite with Him in this life and still more perfectly in the next. This is another conclusive proof that, according to Christ's very words, he who, in holy Communion, eats the flesh of the Son of man and drinks His blood, shall have life everlasting.

Let us now see how St. Chrysostom concludes this important subject: "Let us attend to ourselves, most beloved brethren, when we enjoy these wonderful benefits; and when we are tempted to speak unbecomingly, to get irritated or to do anything sinful, let us call to mind the wonderful things of which we have partaken. Such a thought will serve to correct (and restrain) our evil inclinations. Let us all who have the happiness of being made partakers of this body and of tasting this blood, earnestly reflect that we are tasting Him who is seated above, whom the angels adore, whose might never fails. Oh, how many ways (helps) have we to salvation! Jesus Christ has made us (members of) His body; He has communicated to us His own body."

By these words St. John Chrysostom shows us how to draw fruit from the reception of the body and blood of our Lord in holy Communion. The very thought, when the temptation comes, that we have received in holy Communion the very body and blood of our divine Savior, should so strengthen us as to enable us to overcome the temptation and keep in check all our evil propensities and desires, for one of the reasons for which Jesus feeds us with His body and blood is to impart to us all the graces necessary to our salvation. Hence he who receives holy Communion as often as the Church desires, should be able not only to avoid deadly sins, but also to become holy by faithfully practicing the virtues of a true Christian, of a faithful follower of Christ. In holy Communion we become, as it were, one with Christ, and should, then, so live, as if Jesus Christ acted through us, so that we may henceforth be able to say with St. Paul: "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. 2:20).

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FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. Ss. R.

All nature is a priestess preaching to us the vanity of this fleeting life. Brown fields, falling leaves, withering grass, and fading flowers repeat Ash Wednesday's warning text: "Remember, O man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return."

## THE WINGS OF DESIRE

If you would reach the perfection of a devout Christian life, dear friend, you must first of all have a real desire for it.

As the hunter who tries to shoot a bird on the wing must always aim somewhat higher than his mark, so, also, must the Christian who seeks to climb the heights of a perfect Christian life, always look to higher holiness.

"Who will give me wings like the dove that I may fly and be at rest," exclaims the Psalmist. Good desires are these happy wings by means of which holy souls rise from the earth and soar to the heights of Christian sainthood, where they find that peace which the world promises but cannot give.

But in what way are good desires wings which bear us Godward? This is St. Lawrence Justinian's explanation: "These desires to become better, on the one hand, give us new strength; on the other, they lessen the exertion we must make in order to lead a holier life."

It is clear. One who has no desire whatever to better his condition, who despairs of ever reaching a higher rung of perfection, will make no effort either. If you knew that a treasure lay hid on the summit of a mountain, but you have no desire to climb the rough and rocky ascent, you would make no effort to do so or only half-hearted and unsuccessful efforts; you would rather sit down lazily at its foot. So, also, in Christian life: one who has no desire for the treasures of peace and content a holy life holds, and who therefore considers every effort too great, will be satisfied to live on in carelessness and wordliness and lukewarmness, without ever making one generous step Godward.

There is this peculiarity about holiness, as all spiritual writers affirm, that it consists in ever striving forward and upward. To stop in the practice of Christian virtue is to slip down the ladder of sainthood. St. Bernard puts it thus: "What is it you say? You do not wish to become better? Do you wish then to become worse? Oh, no! you answer. What then do you wish? Why, I will remain as I am, becoming neither better nor worse. Then you wish the impossible. For, the way to God is an upward way."

"But the path of the just, as a shining light, goeth forwards and increaseth even to perfect day. The way of the wicked is darksome: they know not where they fall." Prov. IV:18, 19.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

## ROGER KENT'S AWAKENING

R—r—r—r—Bang!

Roger Kent had been sound asleep. He woke up with a start, to hear, just as sure as he was alive, he thought—the noise of an automobile grinding on the cobble-stone road, and the clank of an automobile door, as if someone had hastily alighted and closed the door after him with a bang. Roger rubbed his eyes wearily.

"I'm sure I'm awake," he murmured; "but what hour is this? It seems to me I had scarcely lain down to sleep. . . . Why, it's just a trifle past ten. What can that auto mean? . . . I'm sure it stopped just in front of the house. . . . I have no engagement this evening."

He was about to turn on the light.

"No; I'll not," he concluded, with instinctive hesitation. "Heaven knows what it may mean."

So in the dark he stole over to the window and peered out into the dimly lighted street.

"A truck!" he exclaimed in astonishment; "and at this hour!" He looked again. "Why, no; it's an ambulance! . . . or, can it be? . . . Yes. . . it's the police patrol!"

The blood seemed to freeze in his veins. A sudden trembling took hold of him, and he shrank back from the window, fearful lest he might be seen, despite the darkness.

"I thought no one knew! . . . Am I caught after all? . . . No," thus he soliloquized, "no, they can only be guessing, at the best. I have taken care of the evidence; I have played the game too cleverly. . . . Come on, Mr. Williams; come on, Mr. Prestage, with your detectives; I am ready for you. . . . Ha, ha! I'll go back to bed. Why, I'm innocent! No one in the world knows!"

"But someone above the world knows!" Roger turned round with a sudden fear, as if he had heard a voice beside him.

"Who was that?" he said. Not a sound in reply. Only, as he listened, he distinctly heard footsteps coming up from the street to the front door, only that.

"I was a little frightened at my own shadow!" he laughed to himself. "I am innocent; at least, can anyone prove that I am not; and what else does it mean to be innocent?"

The bell rang sharply.

"Ring louder, please," he said to himself; "I am asleep. Mother or Elsie can take care of you."

He walked deliberately over to his desk, unlocked it, glanced carelessly and confidently into it, as if the thing he expected to see were there in its exact place untouched and undisturbed, and then closed the lid as noiselessly as possible.

"Those papers are as sound asleep as I am; they won't stir, no matter how many bells ring or detectives come... There lies," he chuckled, as he turned the key, "there lies a nice little lump!"

"And there lies your soul and your honor!" came a distinct whisper from behind him.

Roger slipped the key deftly into his pocket and turned bewildered, almost petrified, as if the detective's hand were already laid heavily on his shoulder. But—the curtains flapped in the wind and rustled over the carpet, and the window shook.

"It wasn't a ghost after all; it was only the window. Now for the bed!"

The bell rang again. Roger's mother and wife were still downstairs in the sitting room, the only ones up in the house. His mother was asleep at her knitting; his wife was reading.

"That's our bell, mother!" said the younger Mrs. Kent.

"Ah!" answered the elder lady, rising and arranging her dress, and making for the door. "I just dozed off. Who can it be at this hour, I wonder! Why, it is past ten!" And it was with some evident misgiving that she opened the door, stepping back as she did so, to let the light fall outside.

"Good evening, Madam!" said a man's voice from the semi-darkness.

"Good evening," answered Mrs. Kent; "what is it you wish?"

"We've come to see Mr. Roger Kent; is he at home, Madam?"

"He's at home, but, he's gone to bed. He said he was unwell and wished to retire early.

"Are you sure he's in bed?" asked the other stranger with ill-concealed excitement.

"Sure as can be," replied Mrs. Kent, taken aback by the question.

"He said so. His room is dark."

"But we must see him; he would wish to be awakened, I'm sure," said the first speaker, "if he knew we were here. Will you wake him, please?"

"But he's unwell; he said so."

"But our business cannot be delayed!"

"Then I'll see what he has to say. Who are you?"

"I'm Mr. Jerome Williams," the other man now spoke up; "Roger's business partner."

"Ah, yes; I've heard him talk about you. I'll see what my son has to say. Come in."

While the two men entered the sitting room and took places opposite the younger Mrs. Kent, the older lady went up the stairs to Roger's room. She knocked at the door; no answer. Knocked again; no answer. The two men in the sitting room could hear distinctly what was transpiring above, for though they began to talk weather and common-places with Roger's wife, they seemed always to have one ear on the doings upstairs. When Mrs. Kent, Sr., had rapped a second time fruitlessly, Mr. Williams bent over toward his companion and whispered hoarsely:

"I'll bet you, Captain, he's not in bed. He smelt the rat and has found a safe bunk by this time somewhere else. Let's go up and see; we must not let him get away."

With that he jumped up, and, catching his companion by the arm, started excitedly for the stairs leading to the upper flat. The sight of the whispering startled Mrs. Kent, Jr. She dropped her book, and, putting her arm out before the men, as if to bar their progress, said:

"Where are you going?"

"That's none of your business!" said Mr. Williams, whose excitement was becoming always more unbridled.

"It is my business! This is not your home, remember, sir!"

But remonstrance was in vain. The two men pushed her aside and made for Roger's room. Mrs. Kent, Jr., darted after them to take up her place beside her husband. When the men, followed by his wife, broke almost breathless into his room, Roger was just standing before a mirror adjusting his tie. He turned around, unmistakably astonished at the sight. His mother turned pale with a vague dread of robbery and violence.

"What does this mean?" both she and Roger ejaculated. "How do you dare in a stranger's home to enter his private room without permission?"

"How do I dare?... Roger, you're a scoundrel!" shouted Mr. Williams; "that is why I dare."

"Don't you know that I could have you arrested for this? Don't you know that I am allowed to defend myself against an intruder, even to use violence on him if he will not vacate the premises?... Get out, I tell you, or I'll put you out!... To enter my home, to insult me in it, before my mother and my wife! If I lay my hands on you, Jerome Williams," said Roger, shaking both his fists in Williams' face, "I'll break every bone in your body!"

"I'll call the police," said Mrs. Kent, Sr., going toward the telephone.

"Never mind yet, mother; I'll take care of them myself for the present."

"No, never mind," said the detective; "the police are here already. Do you see my star? I am a detective."

"A detective!" It came like a single shriek of horror and dismay from the two Mrs. Kent. At that cry, the children in the next room were awakened and three of them toddled in in their nighties: a boy of eight, a girl of six, and baby Roger, a little over two years old. The baby grasped him round the leg, patting his father affectionately, lisping as he put up his baby hand as if to strike the intruders: "My papa! My papa!"

The turn things were taking made Roger wince; it unsettled him for a moment and almost made him lose his nerve. But then he remembered: I am innocent, for the only proof of guilt lies securely locked in my private desk. They would never enter that. And yet, it struck him on the instant, how foolish he was not to destroy every record of his unfaithfulness. But immediately he gained command.

"Take the baby, Elsie," he said to his wife. Then, turning to the men, "A detective," he said coolly, "and what can I do for you?"

The coolness of the man seemed to gall, to infuriate Mr. Williams. "What can you do for us?" he shouted derisively, "you can put on a pair of handcuffs, you thief!"

"Here, here, Mr. Williams," said the detective, drawing his companion back, "respect the ladies. Mr. Kent, will you please ask the ladies to retire for a moment? We have come to talk some business."

"We will not retire!" said Mrs. Kent, Sr., decisively. "You shall not insult and outrage my son in my house."

Elsie walked round to Roger's side, and stood close to him. "Take him away, if you dare!" she said.

"Go, mother!" said Roger somewhat hoarsely.

"We will stay," she replied. "We'll protect you," added his wife, putting her arm protectingly on her husband's breast.

The affection of mother and wife, the almost dramatic beauty of their actions, together with the beauty of form and feature of the two women, seemed to soften Mr. Williams somewhat. It could not, however, teach him tenderness. In a tone, a bit quieter but full of feeling, he began to remonstrate with Roger Kent as if the two women were not present.

"About ten years ago you went into business with me, Roger Kent. You brought nothing but your brains and your hands—"

"Brains and hands are more than money, Mr. Williams," said Roger with superiority. He felt so safe, he could treat this simple plain-spoken Mr. Williams like a child. Mr. Williams went on, unheeding the interruption.

"I brought the money. We started the Amhurst Furniture Company here in town. Mr. Harold Prestage also belonged to it under the same conditions as you. You agreed that I should have three-fifths of the profits; you were to get one-fifth each beside your salary. Mr. Prestage lived honestly up to his agreement. But you!"

"Do you mean to say, sir, that I have embezzled any of the money? I might have had a right, sir; it was my work and my brains that made this business a success? Your capital has been paid back this long while, and what's in the business now is all due to me. Harold Prestage, that simpleton, would long since have ruined it with his unbusiness-like charity to the poor, to church fairs, to hospitals, and so on. I say, I might have claimed by good right a great deal more than I get, but—I have not taken, I tell you, one cent that doesn't belong to me."

"You lie!" shouted Mr. Williams; "you know it; you have the whole thing reasoned out too well; it betrays your guilt!"

"Swallow those words," said Roger between clenched teeth, as he stepped toward Mr. Williams and towered over him, like a beetling cliff over a fragile row-boat in the sea beneath it; "take back those words or I'll—"

"I'll not swallow them," replied Mr. Williams sturdily, although he stepped back to a safe distance; "I can prove them."

"Proof! Proof! Then you could trace the bird's path in the air, or the ship's wake in the sea a day after they have passed!" said Roger triumphantly. "Prove them, please!"



"Do you remember," replied Mr. Williams in a tone of forced calmness, "I came to you this afternoon asking you for the original of a duplicate bill which you had given me some time ago?"

"Yes, I remember very well."

"You had no time to give it to me, so you told me I would find it in the wallet that lay on your desk; I could take it. Well, I looked for it; I did not find that bill; but, I found several other bills, orders, receipts, and papers, that—"

Roger did not wait for him to finish. At the first mention of the wallet he began to tremble perceptibly; a cold shiver ran down his back and his thoughts seemed to scurry pell-mell through his mind. "He had two wallets, it was true; had he taken the wrong one with him that morning? Had he taken the one with the papers that would incriminate him and prove his falsehoods and forgeries beyond possibility of denial? It could not be! Why, he never made the mistake before; never had the least idea of taking that particular wallet from its place; and, though it was just like the other which was in daily use, he always kept this one in its particular corner in his desk. Had someone misplaced it for him?"... Bewildered, incredulous, yet suspicious and feeling as if all his supports were being knocked from under him, he walked somewhat unsteadily to the desk. His hand trembled so that he could not strike the keyhole for a while. He grasped the black wallet eagerly; it was in the wrong place! He opened it, in the despairing hope that after all it might be the right one—but no; there were only the papers that belonged to his daily work. The wallet with the stolen bills and forged receipts he must have taken to the office that morning by mistake! He could have beaten his brains out as he stood there. "Fool!... Idiot!... d—Maniac! Why didn't you look carefully to what you were doing!" So he was working himself internally into a real fury that made him determined to lie his way out of his predicament, or beat it out either by cunning or, if it must be, with violence.

"Yes," said the detective, approaching him, "you see you might as well submit, and avoid a lot of trouble and inconvenience. It will be best for the ladies' sake, too."

"You lie! both of you!" said Mrs. Kent, Sr., desperately. "My son is innocent. He would never have done anything ignoble. He is too good for that. I never had to watch him, he was always honest—always the best of boys, always the most loving of sons. Would he



bring disgrace on his aging mother, on his wife and children? Would he thus ruin his honor and theirs for a little money? It would kill me! It would blight the lives of wife and children! To have people pointing at us, whispering about us as we pass them: 'There they go, the mother, the wife, the children of an ingrate, a thief, a forger!' Son (turning to Roger), you would not bring such misery on all you love—tell them so!"

"My husband is innocent," said his wife, laying her head confidently on his breast; "there never was an ignoble thought in his mind, never an ignoble action in his conduct. This little one (pointing to the child that clung still to her dress) is not more innocent than he."

She lifted the child, and as she held it up to its father, the tiny arms craved to fold round papa's loved face, while a delighted cry broke from his baby lips: Papa!

Fire heaped upon his head could hardly have pained Roger as much as did this love, this perfect trust in his nobility on the part of his dear ones. Their words seared, burnt deep into his very soul, and traced there the brand of a new guilt—he had not only been unjust to his fellow-men, but he had been unjust, faithless, cruel, to the dearest souls on earth—to those who had confided to him not only their money, but their honor, their happiness, their affection, their lives, their very selves. And he had betrayed the trust. As water constantly dripping on a man's head would by degrees become like thunderbolts striking him and would ultimately destroy his reason, so the worm of remorse, gnawing at his soul, this many a day seemed at last to have reached the vitals of his mind, and he was on the verge of madness. Tearing himself away from mother, wife and child, Roger made for the window. He would leap to the pavement, and then—if dead, well; if alive, he would run—run—run, he knew not where; but he would run from all this, from the ruins his sin had heaped up around him. But the detective, used to such attempts, had quickly forestalled such an emergency, and caught him firmly by the arm.

"Don't do that," he said quietly; there seemed even to be a tone of pity in his voice. "Don't do that; it won't do any good. You would only take your guilt along with you; nay, leaving the greater misery behind, would bring new guilt upon yourself and stamp yourself a despicable coward."

"Roger, Roger," whimpered his mother, as finally convinced of her son's guilt she sank upon the bed and laid her face on the pillow.

"You have deceived us all! You have ruined us all! How could you do it? Was it for this that I brought you up, and never denied you any wish—gave you all the pleasures you wanted and never once interfered with your ways?"

"O mother," said Roger, completely broken down, "that may have been the reason I fell; I never was brought up. No one ever cared what I did so long as I was well-dressed, polite, accomplished and richly married."

His wife meanwhile dropped to her knees. She looked around wildly, evidently in search of a crucifix, a picture of the Sacred Heart of our Lady, but there was none. From four walls pictures of dancers and movie-stars, of dogs and stags and hunting parties stared down upon her misery, cold and comfortless.

"O God! I have not prayed this long while, but now I come, humbled, brought low; and for the first time in a long while I turn to you as our Father. Help us in this present crisis! . . . Roger," she said, turning to him, "We were all at fault. We went away from God and thought to find our bliss in the glamour of this world's flattery and tinsel and gaiety. For this you had to sin, for this you fell. Let us come back to God, and he will deal with us in a fatherly way."

"Elsie," said Roger, "true little wife, you have the best counsel. I'll turn to Him, trusting that He will bring good out of the evil I have done. Then—"

Mr. Williams, who was a simple, plain-spoken, straight-forward man, was also deeply human and kind-hearted. He was plainly moved by this sadly beautiful scene. He put up his hand to Roger to stop. But Roger turned to him and continued:

"I don't know, Mr. Williams, how I ever came to fall so low. It must have been because I got there gradually, little by little. It was ambition to outshine others—the passion of having more—pride in my superiority, that little by little made me blind to the high ideals held up before me by my Faith, my training, my noble wife and mother. Well, it makes no difference now. Dunces must learn with labor. So I'm ready to—"

"Stop!" cried Mr. Williams. "You were always noble, Roger; you are nobler still in your earnest repentance. I trust your sincerity completely. It was not the lost money that vexed me and drove me to this, it was the ingratitude, the deception that galled me. But now I see a new resolve in you. Let's make a settlement."

There and then it was made, very briefly. Roger was determined to pay back all. When the men left, mother and wife and children knelt with Roger for a morning prayer: he had awakened to God and right.

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AUGUSTINE ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

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### UNNECESSARY WORK ON SUNDAY

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"After closing the mission in a Wisconsin town," said a Redemptorist missionary, "the pastor took me for a drive through the country. As we drove along the road, the pastor called my attention to a splendid farm. It seemed to be very fertile soil, was under perfect cultivation, not a weed was to be seen, fences and gates were in perfect condition. Do you see the house? he asked. I looked over the level tract of pasture, meadow, and stubble. No house was to be seen, but there, near a clump of trees, I saw what seemed to be several blackened heaps of ruins. I looked inquiringly at the pastor, and this is what he told me: The owner of that farm should be a Catholic. But worldly prosperity made him forget his God. He neglected the Sacraments, seldom or never went to Mass. Sunday morning, three weeks ago, he was out in the meadow mowing grass. A Catholic neighbor passed by, bade him the time of day, and said: "John, aren't you coming to church?" "No, I am not," said the farmer with an oath, and continued his work. That night his barn was struck by lightning, and a number of cattle and valuable horses killed. The flames spread to the house and adjoining buildings, and all were burned to the ground.'"

The work that has God's curse upon it will benefit no man either in this world or in the next.

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Let us be of good heart, though we be sinners; and let us be certain that Mary will come and assist us at death, and comfort and console us with her presence, provided only that we strive to lead a good life and serve her with love during the remainder of the time that we have to be in this world.—*St. Alphonsus Liguori*.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS. The young man and the young woman who sit gaping at each other for four hours in the parlor and then convince themselves that they had a delightful evening and that all their friends should envy them.

	<b>Catholic Anecdotes</b>	
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**A CURE FOR CARNAL LOVE**

A young woman of great beauty and still greater sanctity learned to her sorrow that she was madly loved by a married man. Instead of glorying in this unholy triumph, as so-called Christian maidens sometimes do, she prayed with bitter tears that God would change his heart, and restore his love to the wife who in strict justice claimed it. Still his base passion continued to grow, and when a sudden sickness brought the girl to death's door, even this visible intervention of divine Providence did not bring him to his senses. When she was almost breathing her last one of the bystanders told her that he was almost distracted with grief. On hearing this, by a last supreme effort she sat up in bed, and gave peremptory orders for burial. She commanded them to bury her body without embalming it; then after some weeks to dig it up, take a photograph of it, and send the photograph to this poor misguided man. Her orders were executed. When he saw the photograph of the rotting and worm-covered corpse, he realized what a fool he had been to sacrifice his honor, his soul, and his God, for the love of corruptible flesh.

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**DOING IT FOR THE LOVE OF GOD**

A Nun relates this anecdote: "A carpenter was fixing some presses in our sacristy, and the Sister who overlooked the work asked him if he was attentive to his religious duties. He replied: 'I have not time to do much, but I have never forgot one little practice taught me long ago by one of the holy priests who was a Saint—Father Furniss was his name. During the mission of St. Anne's Street, he told us we need not go on our knees to pray, but we should from time to time raise our hearts to God during our work and say: "My Jesus, I do this for love of Thee." I can never forget the impression the sermon of that holy Father made on me and very often during my work I say the little prayer he taught us.'

"This simple avowal explained something which had often surprised us—we noticed that this carpenter often touched his cap without apparent reason, but we were far from suspecting that he was breath-

ing the little aspiration he had learned so many years ago from the holy Redemptorist."

That intention would turn into heavenly gold the labors, meals, amusements, and sufferings of every day. It would make them precious in the eye of God. It would lay up treasures that would make a competence for eternity.—*Catholic Union and Times*.

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### LIFE IS SWEET

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History tells us of a certain Rhodius who mortally insulted his sovereign by an ill-timed remark. By the tyrant's orders he was locked in a filthy den and treated like a savage beast. Scarcely any food was given him, and even that little was half rotten. His both hands were amputated, and his face gashed and disfigured with wounds.

A friend suggested what a blessing it would be if death came to his relief. He shuddered at the thought. "No, no," he cried, "while life remains all things are to be hoped for." Thus he clung to his miserable life as a miser clings to his gold.

If this passing life has such fascination for us, who will describe how our souls will be ravished by the life to come—eternal life in the presence of our God.

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### I CANNOT COME TO MASS

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A Missionary Father reports this case: Owing to a request of his employers a young husband had to seek a residence in a new neighborhood. He had been recently married. He and his wife and baby child soon found a comfortable home. Only one difficulty marred their complete satisfaction. They were pretty far from the parish church. Somebody had to remain at home with the baby. The church was so far away that if the husband would await the return of his wife from early Mass, he himself would be too late for the late Mass. How remedy matters? They fell upon a little scheme. It would allow someone to be with the baby, and yet permit both to assist at Sunday Mass. This was their scheme. The young mother went off to early Mass, leaving her husband at home. He knew the time when Mass was over, and took the child in his arms to meet his wife on her return. She carried her child home while her husband went on to his Mass. Both were home

together for their dinner, and surely God's blessing sweetened their cares, and enriched their home with true love and real joy.

Such devotion in our days is encouraging. Though it may bring a blush to some of us.

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### THE MOTHERS OF OUR PRIESTS

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My dear friends, there is a great deal said about the mother who gives her son as a soldier to the army. The mother who makes the sacrifice of all that is near and dear to her by letting her son go to defend home and country. The papers seem never to tire of extolling the sacrifices made by the good mothers, over in the old country, who are taking the places of fathers, brothers, and sons to let their boys go to the front to defend what they think is right. But there is never a word said, and rarely a line written, about those other mothers who are making the sacrifice of their sons, not for one, two or three years, or even during the period of a war, but a sacrifice that begins from the cradle and ends only at the grave. . . . I mean the mothers that give their sons to the priesthood. . . . It requires more than a soldier's courage for a mother to permit her boy to become a priest. The mother of a priest has that courage. She gives her nearest and dearest to serve the Most High, and does not hope for glory the world may give her and her boy for a little while here, but for that of eternity.

My dear people, after the boys of my class left college and became lawyers and successful business men, I was still left on the bench in the college and seminary for eight long years, because the Church expects much more from a young man before he is permitted to stand before you as a minister of God than what the world expects from its young men. Nor is a young man encouraged to remain in the seminary, should he prefer to discontinue his studies; but, on the contrary, he is tested and examined, and when any weakness in character is shown, he is encouraged to leave, for the doors are always open for him. It is, however, the good mother at home who encourages her boy to observe the rules and discipline of the seminary, and reminds him that, if he wishes to become a priest, he must conquer himself by overcoming his cravings, inclinations, and, above all, his own will. I am telling my own story and that of every priest. I am telling the story of our 18,000 priests here in the United States. . . . No wonder our mothers, who remembered the words of Sacred Scripture,

tried to work hard to make us worthy implements of the Divine Christ by trying to keep away that pride, that sensuality that makes a man unworthy of the Divine Master. . . . The mother who gives her son to the priesthood knows how Christ was despised, jeered at, and mocked and crucified. Knowing this, she also knows what her boy can expect as the minister of Christ. Yet she makes this sacrifice that the work of God may be done. Is there any wonder that we gather around Father Enis today to think of his mother; that we thank God for such a noble band of women who are willing to sacrifice their sons for Him! Is there any wonder that we show our respects to them, for they make it possible for us to do God's work. . . . I now wish to ask you to say a prayer for the mother of Father Enis, and for all good mothers, whether dead or alive, who gave their boys to the priesthood; who sent their sons where they cannot follow. They sent them to be despised, to be misunderstood, to be suspected, in a similar manner as their Divine Master was before them. We owe a message of respect to the mothers who gave to the Church of America something like 18,000 priests, who gave their talents, their time, and their very life, in order to secure for our 18,000,000 people an eternal happiness, and to God the honor and glory that is due to Him. In order that you may all have part in the merits of the priest, I ask you today never to forget to pray to God, that He will ever give to His priests the necessary graces to do their work faithfully to the end of their lives. Also pray that God will raise up here in America truly Christian mothers who are willing to make the necessary sacrifices in giving their boys to the priesthood.—*From Bishop Gunn's Funeral Sermon over the Mother of Father Enis.*

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### **"YOU KNOW NOT THE DAY NOR THE HOUR"**

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"The mission was almost over. I went, early in the morning, to open the church door. I was surprised to find there an old grey-haired man, half lying, half kneeling on the steps, with his hands clasped, and his head resting against the door. 'What is the matter, grandpa? Are you feeling unwell?' He raised his pale face to look at me, and I saw death gazing out at me from those eyes. Without losing a moment's time, I brought the Holy Oils, and administered the last Sacraments. The old man died a peaceful death, and we preached the last sermons of the mission, with a corpse in the church."



	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Pointed Paragraphs</h2>	
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### HOME

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There is no sweeter word in all the language than "Home." A bitter winter night, the curtains drawn, the fire burning brightly, a proud contented father and mother, a group of spirited boys and girls, games, reading, song, and laughter—that is a picture of home. Who, except perhaps the one who has perverted all his nobler instincts by an unnatural life, that would not long to be a member of this charmed circle.

Dear reader, you wish to make your dwelling place a home. And it may be you sometimes fear you will not succeed. Homes are going out of fashion. Instead of a home, we too often find merely a house whither the members of the family go to eat and sleep, but which they shun at all other times. In your struggle to make and keep your dwelling place a home and not a mere boarding house, you are opposed by the picture show, the vaudeville, the poolroom, the cabaret, the auto, the restless, artificial, pleasure-seeking spirit of the day. At times you feel that you are engaged in a losing fight. You would gladly welcome any helpful suggestion. Here is one: Introduce the family rosary into your home—not as a disagreeable task, but as a willing homage to the Blessed Mother of God. The time to begin is during October, the month of the Holy Rosary. The home where the family assembles daily to lay a crown of roses at Mary's feet will be specially blessed by God. It will remain a home. It will never degenerate into a boarding house.

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### BLASPHEMY AND IMPIETY

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The sex drama has been exploited to such an extent that it begins to pall. New sensations must be devised to satisfy the perverted public taste. Hence, in one of the latest plays, blasphemy is added to impurity, and the sacred personality of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is dragged into the sex drama. Could hell itself invent surer means of throttling virtue at its birth and destroying immortal souls!

Fathers and mothers, while the modern drama is thus debased, dare you shirk the duty of investigating the nature of the plays your sons and daughters attend?



### READ

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Read! The long cool autumn evenings have come and winter will soon be here. Spend several nights a week in reading. It will be rather dry at first, but you will be surprised to see how soon you will begin to love it. With what a feeling of satisfaction you will lie down to sleep at the thought that you have spent the evening in cultivating your mind instead of wasting the precious hours in empty amusements!

Read! Don't read everything. There are many things in print that degrade the mind and brutalize the heart. Use care in selecting what you read. Choose almost exclusively good Catholic literature. A few solid Catholic papers and magazines, a limited amount of Catholic fiction, but principally books that will give you a clear understanding of the doctrines and history of holy Church, the beauty of those doctrines, and the arguments by which you can defend them. Then you will not need to hang your head and shrink away whenever a loud-mouthed bigot begins to vomit forth calumnies against your faith. You will become a champion fit to make the Catholic religion known and respected. Read Catholic teaching in its most practical and most attractive form—that is, in the lives of the noble men and women in every age and country and condition of life who became great and noble and helpful to individuals and society precisely because they reduced Catholic doctrine to daily practice. How your mind will expand and your character become more and more noble under the influence of such reading.

It is precisely for the purpose of directing you in the choice of your reading that we devote a page of the Liguorian every month to the discussion of good books—telling what books are good, how much they cost, and where you can send to obtain them. If you live in the city you can find a Catholic bookstore with a splendid selection of books. You may even find a circulating library in your own parish. If you do not find one you may be able to do the great act of charity of helping to instal one. You can even improve the public library and accomplish great good by insisting that it instal the works of popular Catholic writers. Read! Make yourself useful to yourself and others. We are all in this world for a serious purpose—not merely to play pool and watch dramas.

### BACK FROM THE BORDER

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Our soldier boys are coming back from the border. Among the lads who volunteered to risk their lives for their country, the percentage of Catholics is great—greater by far than the percentage of Catholics in the entire population. Many of them say that while in camp they had little opportunity of attending to their religious duties. This is a fatal blunder. If there is one time that the Catholic wants the sacraments of the Church, it is when he is facing death. If there is one consolation for those he leaves behind him, it is the assurance that he had the priest when he was dying. Had war resulted from the recent Mexican mix-up, the majority of Catholic soldiers and their families would have been deprived of this consolation.

This state of affairs must be remedied. War may come again. We are working for "preparedness" along other lines, let us work for it also along this. Our fair-minded non-Catholic fellow citizens want the Catholic lad to take his place in the ranks in the time of danger, but we are sure they do not want to see him deprived of what is dearest to his heart in that crucial hour. Let us put the matter up to them squarely—they will see the justice of our demands and grant them. Let us take the requisite steps during peace time to see that every Catholic soldier boy will have a priest within reach on the battlefield.

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### THE RESTORATION OF PEACE

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Oh, that I could do something to restore peace in the world! You can do something; you can do a great deal. You can pardon that affront; you can overlook that slight; you can yield that little point which you have so stubbornly maintained and which has brought on strained relations between you and a member of your own household; you can swallow your pride and perform a kindly act, give a kindly greeting, to that neighbor whom you have for so long treated with coldness. Truly, you can do a great deal towards restoring peace in the world.

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WALL MOTTO. I shall so time the length of my friendly visits that mine host will rejoice rather at my coming than at my going.

### WHEN THE PRIEST COMES

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If sudden death were to menace one of your family tonight, would you remember what to prepare for the coming of the priest? A table with a clean white cloth, a crucifix, two wax candles, holy water and sprinkler, a glass of drinking water and a spoon, a clean napkin to lay under the chin of the dying person when he receives Holy Communion, and six little balls of cotton to wipe away the Holy Oil when he is anointed. Have you these things carefully set aside so that they could be easily found even during the excitement of such a moment?

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In your charity remember that the "high cost of living" reaches also charitable institutions. It makes ever more bitter the bitter struggle against want of the heroic men and women who have sacrificed, not only their worldly possessions, but their liberty and the pleasures of life, to educate the poor, to care for the orphan, the sick, and the aged.

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If we would give the same constant attention to the salvation of our immortal souls that we give to the winning baseball team, what a nation of saints we would be.

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It is said that in Purgatory those souls who in this life had but little longing for heaven are punished with a particular suffering, called the pain of languor; and with reason, for to long but little for heaven is to set a small value on the great good of the eternal kingdom which our Redeemer has purchased for us by His death.—*St. Alphonsus Liguori*.

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Three weeks since school opened. Every day we are expecting the fond mamma, who can't control her one spoiled son, to call and lecture the Pastor and the Sisters on how to manage the three or four hundred children in the parish school.

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St. Bonaventure tells us that Mary sends without delay the Prince of the heavenly court, St. Michael, with all the angels, to defend her dying servants against the temptations of the devils, and to receive the souls of all who have recommended themselves to her in a special manner and with perseverance.—*St. Alphonsus Liguori*.

The divorce record of Wisconsin reached its highest mark in 1915, according to tables compiled by the State Bureau of Vital Statistics. For the fiscal year, from October 1, 1914, to September 30, 1915, the total number granted was 1,721. The record of 1914 was 1,596. The wife was the complainant in three times as many divorce proceedings as the husband, the ratio being 1,315 to 406. In the great majority of the cases the parties are native born and the marriage occurred in Wisconsin. *The majority of divorces are granted to couples having no children.* It is interesting to observe that in 404 cases the plaintiff followed a gainful occupation. The inference is that women having a gainful occupation to which they may return, more readily seek divorce than those who have none. Comparatively few cases were contested. Alimony was asked by 726 and granted to 661. The greatest number of divorces were secured by couples who have lived together from one to four years. These numbered 527.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Those who enter the holy state of matrimony merely to gratify their lust, and in their selfish love of comfort, violate the laws of nature and nature's God in order to escape the burden of parenthood, soon learn to detest each other. The lessons in the Book of Tobias in the Old Testament of the Bible were written long centuries ago, yet they have lost none of their salutary force. "Then the angel Raphael said to [Tobias]: Hear me, and I will show thee who they are, over whom the devil can prevail. For they who in such manner receive matrimony as to shut out God from themselves, and from their mind, and to give themselves to their lust as the horse and mule, which have not understanding, over them the devil hath power. . . . and Tobias said . . . and now, Lord, thou knowest, that not for fleshly lust do I take (Sara) to wife, *but only for the love of posterity*, in which thy name may be blessed forever and ever."

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The Crimson Fist. This murderous Crimson Fist of war, with its five bloody fingers—the Home, the School, the Church, the Press, and the Government—crushes with relentless hammer-blows all that is noble, all that is sweet, all that is human. Price, \$1.00 net.—*Advertisement.*

Such books as this, that, for the sake of filthy lucre, cater to the spirit of insubordination and morbid love of novelty, that attack civilization and attempt to overthrow the institutions most necessary for human happiness and most sacred to the human heart, that distort facts and take assertion for proof and denial for disproof—such books make one wish for a government censor of books. But if we cannot keep such poison out of the country, let us, at least, be most strict and watchful in keeping it out of our homes.

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To be sure, a feeble effort was made by some of the more enlightened—and therefore, more reprehensible—advocates of this fool bill [the Georgia Convent Investigation Bill] to explain away the animus of it; but this strained view of the measure was rather awkwardly dispelled by the member from

Tattnall, who proudly admitted that "it can't hurt nothing" to let it be known that it was purposely aimed at the Catholics; and who, furthermore, regaled the House with the weird story of "a sewer in one of the principal cities of the state having been cleaned out recently and a lot of human bones being found in it"—evidently taken by him to mean that they were the bones of "victims" of the good Sisters of Charity. May the good Lord have mercy on his soul! Surely right-minded Georgians can find no satisfaction in the thought that their state has been committed to the preposterous and cruelly offensive proposition that there is something about the Catholic Sisterhoods and their schools and hospitals that needs to be "investigated" by our grand juries. And, yet, this is exactly what has been done by the Georgia House of Misrepresentatives, with only twenty-two members having the manhood and political courage to vote against it. Thus has Georgia been stigmatized in the eyes of the world. . . . Thus is the "Empire State of the South" become the scorn and contempt of the country, at least that portion of the country that is not so afflicted as we are in Georgia with ignorance, prejudice, religious bigotry and hatred—with an ever-present pack of political bloodhounds eager to set upon any trail and rend any victim that offers the easiest prey.—*Augusta Chronicle*.

We pity sincere Georgia non-Catholics like the editor of the *Chronicle*. The southern gentleman is a gentleman through and through. He is honest in his beliefs and tolerant of the beliefs of others. He is chivalrous towards women and frank, sincere and fearless towards men. How it must pain such a noble character to see his state government committed to the narrow-minded and cowardly policy of persecuting the minority in order to buy the votes of a misinformed and bigoted majority! How it must gall him, who would give his blood in defense of woman's honor, to see his own legislators make a cowardly public attack on the fair fame of every pure, self-sacrificing Sister in the commonwealth, and authorize every morbid sensation-hunter to force his way unannounced and uninvited into the sacred privacy of those Sisters' homes!

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If the Catholic Federation has any ulterior political purpose, as is generally believed among Protestants they were not manifested at the Louisville Convention. There was not a political utterance at the meeting, but questions that received earnest attention and intelligent treatment were: Social and economic questions of the day; the social evil; the white slave traffic; child labor; living wage; and the low theatre.—*Baptist World*.

All this anti-Catholic agitation has set the Protestants watching us. They never did anything in their lives that will prove more beneficial to their souls. For all honest minds, to see the truth is to love it.

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The papers tell us of a young woman aged seventeen, who has just got her divorce.—*Monitor*.

Why not? If it is allowed to get even one divorce at middle age, why not get a dozen before twenty? If adultery is sanctioned at all, why should limits be set to it?

	<b>Catholic Events</b>	
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After a most searching examination which had gone on for many months, the Holy Father, on the morning of Aug. 13, solemnly approved, as evident miracles of God, two extraordinary favors granted through the intercession of the Venerable Joseph Benedict Cottolengo. This holy man founded ninety years ago, a charitable organization to care for the poor and the afflicted. It is called the "Little House of Divine Providence—La Piccola Casa della Provvidenza" of Turin. The present Superior is able to affirm that during the ninety years of its existence "La Piccola Casa" has received under its care many avowed enemies of the Church, unbelievers, socialists, masons, and Jews, but that, by the special favor of Divine Providence, not one of them died without becoming a fervent Catholic.

\* \* \*

Sir Henry Howard has been succeeded as British Envoy Extraordinary to the Holy See by Count de Salis, from County Limerick, Ireland.

\* \* \*

Richard C. Kerens, a St. Louis millionaire, distinguished Catholic layman, former Ambassador to Austria-Hungary, and leading figure in national politics, who came to this country a poor boy from County Meath, Ireland, died Sept. 4, and was buried from the Redemptorist Church, St. Louis. His memory is held in fond remembrance for his many generous donations to Catholic charity. May he rest in peace.

\* \* \*

Every Sunday and Holyday Catholic services are held in nineteen languages in the city of New York.

\* \* \*

Father F. X. Bertrand, who for twenty-eight years ministered to the spiritual and temporal wants of the lepers of Gotemba, Japan, died at his post during the summer.

\* \* \*

Thomas J. Clark, one of the Irishmen executed after the recent uprising in Dublin, left \$15,500 for the relief of the poor in Dublin.

\* \* \*

Reports now given to the public shows that up to the end of March of this year 97,753 Frenchmen, 10,581 Germans, and 3,105 Austrians interned in enemy country, have been released as a result of the efforts of the Holy Father.

\* \* \*

Statistics give the Catholic population of Turkey as 750,000.

Owing to the scarcity of missionaries in India, the Archbishop of Pondicherry is obliged to perform all the work of a simple parish priest, and the Bishop of Kunbakonam is acting as parish priest and catechist.

\* \* \*

At a recent meeting of the Catholic editors of New York a committee composed of Rev. J. J. Burke, C. S. P., and Rev. R. H. Tierney, S. J., was appointed to appear at the next meeting of the archbishops at Washington, to urge the establishment of a "Catholic Press Sunday."

\* \* \*

The slogan of the Catholic Week in New York was: "No Catholic Party; but we demand our rights as American citizens!"

\* \* \*

In Gen. Haig's latest dispatch from the front sixty Catholics receive special mention for bravery under fire. Several chaplains were among the number.

\* \* \*

Twenty thousand pilgrims were present at the Mass of Supplication and Thanksgiving at the mountain shrine of Croagh Patrick this year.

\* \* \*

The praiseworthy spirit of practical Catholicity of the Knights of Columbus was shown by their building a "Field Station" or club house, for the use of the soldiers stationed at Fort Sam Houston.

\* \* \*

Mr. Fagnet, a great Catholic journalist is dead. When he saw his end approaching, he put his affairs in order, classified his books and manuscripts, and prepared to meet his God. His death was most edifying.

\* \* \*

Once more Father Dempsey of St. Louis has been called upon to act as mediator in a strike. This time between the milk-wagon drivers and the dairy owners.

\* \* \*

According to a poll taken by a reporter for the World-Herald, Omaha, twenty-five per cent of the soldiers in the Fourth Nebraska at the border are Catholics.

\* \* \*

There are seven counties—in the state that has just passed a convent inspection bill—where forty-four per cent of the white population can neither read nor write. It seems there are other things that could well occupy the attention of the lawmakers instead of interfering with the refined, educated women who are devoting their lives to the care and instruction of the Georgia sick and poor.



"I am a citizen of the United States," so reads a communication received by Secretary Lansing the other day, "Pastor of the Sacred Heart Church at Nogales, Arizona. Yesterday afternoon, answering a sick call, I crossed the Mexican frontier to administer to a dying person in Nogales, Mexico. By order of Governor Calles I was publicly arrested to be taken to the military headquarters. In the meantime the commandante marched me under guard to the state jail, where I was locked into a filthy cell, incommunicado, during two hours. All this indignity for the sole crime of being a Catholic priest. Thanks to United States Consul, Frederick Simpich, I was given my liberty. I wish hereby respectfully to inquire why I, a law-abiding citizen, do not enjoy the privilege or the right to cross the Mexican border on business without being molested? I understand that the United States is at peace with Mexico, and the mutual international treaties are supposed to be enforced."

\* \* \*

Two large groups of boys were selected in a large city—say a hundred or a thousand in each group. One group left school at 14 years of age, and the other left at 18 years. They were all wage earners, and their career was watched up to 25 years.

Left school at 14 years.		Left school at 18 years.	
Average earnings at		Average earnings at	
14 .....	\$200	14 .....	0
16 .....	\$250	16 .....	0
18 .....	\$350	18 .....	\$500
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22 .....	\$575	22 .....	\$1,000
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## The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

*Two friends of mine recently ran away and got married by a priest in a neighboring state. Were they really married?*

Yes, if the priest who married them was pastor of the parish in which they were married and provided no essentials for a valid marriage were lacking. Under the former legislation of the Church in force in many parts of the United States up to Aug. 2, 1907, such a marriage would have been invalid owing to the fact that the contracting parties had no domicile or residence where they were married. But the present law of the Church does not require such domicile for a valid marriage. Any pastor can validly marry in his own parish parties even from another parish. But he may not do so lawfully without obtaining permission from the pastor of the bride. If the priest in question married your friends he probably first secured the necessary permission or recognized a case of necessity in which he could presume the permission or was imposed upon and deceived by your friends. But the marriage was a valid marriage.

*Can you advise me in the Question Box what to do in regard to distractions at prayer? It seems to me that I never say a prayer without being distracted, and it worries me a great deal.*

Worry never does any good. If your distractions are wilful, then be sorry for them and make a good resolution to avoid them for the future. But if they are not wilful, and from your question we do not think they are, then they are no sin, and if, in spite of them, you remain faithful to the duty of prayer, they may be the occasion of merit for you. Some of our distractions come from the infirmity of the human mind, others from the devil. God permits them in order to punish us or try us or to give us occasions of merit. As long as we do not cause them ourselves or deliberately entertain them, they do not as a rule interfere with the efficiency of our prayer.

*Is it possible for any one to make an act of perfect contrition?*

It certainly is, and every one ought

to be persuaded of this possibility and frequently make such acts. If one has faith he cannot but realize the goodness of God and how worthy He is of all our love and how mortal sin outrages the majesty and goodness of this most loving Father. A little reflection on these truths and on the sufferings and death of our Lord, a little prayer for the divine assistance, and a devout, attentive, sincere recital of the act of contrition—and there you have your act of perfect contrition. That you do not feel a sensible sorrow should not discourage you—our contrition must be in the will and need not be in our sensible nature. One of the best tests of the sincerity of our contrition is the sincerity of our purpose of amendment. We should never forget that an act of perfect contrition obtains forgiveness of our mortal sins the moment we make it, even before we go to Confession, though of course we still have the obligation of confessing those sins when we go to Confession. Never go to sleep at night without first making an act of perfect contrition.

*When was the Mass first offered up in this country?*

It is said that the first holy Mass celebrated in America was said on the Island of Haiti, December 8, 1493.

*What is meant by diabolical possession?*

A state in which an evil spirit, by God's permission, inhabits the body of a rational being. The devil is able in this way to torture the body, to deceive the senses by hallucinations, and indirectly, because of the connection between the soul and body, to torture the soul, to impair and pervert its faculties. He cannot, however, inhabit the soul, for this is a power which belongs to God alone; much less can he master the free will or force the possessed person to commit sin. But he may increase to a fearful extent the power of temptation, overpower the body, and even produce insanity, in which last case the possessed person may of course commit actions outwardly sinful, for which he is not responsible. In *obsession* the devil attacks

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the man in an extraordinary manner from without but does not inhabit the body or exert an abiding and immortal influence. In the early days of the Church cases of diabolical possession were not infrequent and a special class of ecclesiastical ministers was ordained to drive out the devil by means of special prayers which can still be found in the ritual of the Church. Even at the present day, according to the missionaries, numbers of cases of extraordinary influence by the evil spirits are still to be found in pagan lands.

*What kind of fish was it that swallowed Jonah? Was it of such a nature that Jonah could naturally have remained three days and three nights in its belly?*

Holy Scripture does not state what kind of fish swallowed Jonah. It merely says, in the original text, that it was a large fish. We sometimes read that it was a whale, but whales are very rare in the Mediterranean and, besides, the throat of a whale is so small that it would have been impossible for the animal to swallow a man. Others conjecture that the fish was a shark. In any case, it would seem to be impossible for Jonah to have remained alive so long in the body of the monster without a miraculous interposition of Divine Providence.

*What is the religion of the different Balkan States?*

In all of the Balkan States the religion of the Greek Orthodox Church prevails with the exception, of course, of Turkey, the majority of whose inhabitants are Mohammedans.

*If I lose my scapular medal and get a new one, must I have the new one blessed?*

Yes. When a person gets a new pair of scapulars, it is not necessary to have them blessed, but according to a recent decree, the case is not the same for scapular medals.

*Why were the Jews not allowed to sacrifice fish as they sacrificed other animals?*

We are not aware that there is any prohibition forbidding the Jews to sacrifice fish. However, it is true that there is no trace of their having done so. Fish are not mentioned among the sacrifices of the Jews, as for instance, in the first chapter of Leviticus, nor are they found among the sacrifices of Abraham and the Patri-

archs. If there was any prohibition against sacrificing fish, it came from the free will of God. However, this absence of fish-sacrifices was beneficial to the Jews, because while they were in the desert it would have been impossible to secure fish, and because later on, when they were in the promised land, and living among a pagan people who worshiped a fish as their god, there might have been danger of the Jews falling into the same idolatry had they had fish sacrifices. If the birds of the air and the beasts of the field were honored in the Old Law by being sacrificed to God, the fish has received its due honor in the New Law by becoming the emblem of the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

*A Methodist couple wished to take instructions to be received into the Catholic Church. But the priest informed them that another marriage ceremony would have to be performed. They had been married five years previously in the Methodist Church by the father of the bride, who was a Methodist minister. So, rather than acknowledge that their previous marriage was invalid and that they had been living together without having been really married, they refuse to have the second ceremony performed. The priest then refuses to receive them into the Church. Was the second ceremony necessary?*

From the statement of the case as you give it, we do not see any reason why a second marriage ceremony was necessary. The mere fact that these parties were Methodists and had been married in the Methodist church would not prevent their marriage from being a real marriage. The Church does not hold the marriages of all Methodists or other Protestants to be invalid. However, it is to be presumed that the Priest knew his duties in the matter and that there was some other impediment in the way that prevented the first marriage from being valid and rendered a second ceremony necessary.

*If I go to Confession on Saturday and then neglect to go to Communion the next morning, is that a sin? Must I tell it in the next Confession?*

Not unless the Communion was the last one you had an opportunity to receive in order to fulfill your Easter duty and you missed it through your own fault. There is no obligation to receive Holy Communion every time you go to Confession.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Some Good Books</h2>	
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Parents who have the interest of their children at heart will be ever grateful to Father Roderic MacEachen for the work he has done to make their religious training simple and interesting. We have from the Catholic Book Co., Wheeling, W. Va., two more of Father MacEachen's inimitable series of Children's Books. *Little Rhymes for Little Christians* is a life of our Lord in verse with just the sort of swing that a child delights to read, or listen to. Each phase of Christ's life is illustrated. The *Baby Catechism* is yet simpler. It is more fully illustrated and contains only the more elementary truths and principles. Either book sells for the very moderate price of 10 cents.

Rev. Father Ferreol Girardey's promised book on *Prayer, Its Necessity, its Power, its Conditions*, is now given to the public. It is all that its fore-announcement claimed for it—a fitting memorial of his sixtieth year of religious profession in the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. After a chapter on "why we should pray" and another on how very necessary prayer is for all, he beautifully illustrates how to make our prayers efficacious before the throne of God. Twelve examples are drawn from Holy Scripture, illustrative of the teaching proposed. The author then shows the facility of mental prayer for even our ordinary layfolk and closes his volume with short forms of mental prayer. It is a book all can profit by and one that should become familiar in many households. It is published by B. Herder, St. Louis, price \$1.00.

A very cleverly written novel comes from the publishing house of Macmillan & Co. It is "*The Prisoner*," by Alice Brown. It is the story of a man who in the quiet hours of prison confinement convinces himself that most of this world's unhappiness comes from some weakness in ourselves, which we allow to dominate us. After his incarceration he goes out into the world to live out his theory, as the novel closes the vista of happy days and joy and freedom opens up to view. Apart from its sociological purpose, the novel is of rare interest. Price \$1.50.

*Trappist Life at the Abbey of Gethsemani, Ky.*, is a small brochure serviceable as a "Guide to Postulants" for the Order of Reformed Cistercians, or Trappists. It contains a brief historical sketch of the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani; some ideas of the religious life in general, and in particular of the great Order founded by St. Benedict; then of the Cistercian Order and in a special way of that branch called the Trappists; and finally a short description of the manner of life. It is a valuable little booklet for our ordinary layfolk who know so little of monastic life and in particular of the older Orders; it is useful to the priest who on so many occasions has to direct souls where their salvation will be the most secure; and it is almost necessary for those who contemplate a life among the Trappists. The booklet is sold at the Abbey of Gethsemani, Trappist P. O., Ky., price 25c.

Two new periodicals have come to our office of widely different range yet prompted by the same generous charity for our fellow man. *The Indian Sentinel* aims at becoming the official organ of the Catholic missions and there is every reason to think that it will achieve its aim with unlooked for success. It undoubtedly will be the authority on the subject it represents. By subscribing to the quarterly, at one dollar a year, and praying for the success of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, a person becomes a member of the society and a partaker of the indulgences granted to the members of the Society. Subscriptions may be sent to the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, 1326 New York Ave., Washington, D. C. The second periodical is *The Columbus Cadet*, the official organ of the organization for boys commenced by the Knights of Columbus of Milwaukee. This first issue gives a short outline of the Organization, and it merits the approval of every farseeing Catholic. *The Columbus Cadet* is a monthly periodical whose subscription price is 25 cents a year, published by the Columbus Cadet Corporation, 1432 Grand Ave., Milwaukee.



	<b>Lucid Intervals</b>	
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MacPherson, in talking to his minister, told the reverend gentleman that he was going to take a trip to the Holy Land.

"And whiles I'm there," he said enthusiastically, "I'll read the Ten Commandments aloud frae the top of Mount Sinai."

"Nae MacPherson," said the minister gravely; "tak' my advice. Dinna read them aloud. Bide at hame and keep them."

Gloom: "Do you know, I was just reading of Lot and his wife. They were going out of the bad city together, and instead of going straight on, Lot's wife stood and had another look at the old place. Poor Lot! When he turned round to see what she was doing, he saw that she had turned into a pillar of salt."

Joy: "Is that all? Why, when I was coming down the street this afternoon with my wife, she stopped in the same way, and when I looked round, she had turned into a beer garden."

"I wonder why Pinkem refused to join the army."

"Don't you know the reason?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you—on account of the war!"

Pat Cassidy purchased a new automobile, and while still inexperienced in the handling of it he drove down one of the crowded thoroughfares of the city. Coming to a crossing where the traffic was held up he lost control of the car and run squarely into a handsome limousine. The crowd that gathered found the situation amusing, and to add to Pat's discomfiture, the crossing policeman, a big Irishman, commenced to berate him.

"Since when did you learn to droive a car?" demanded the officer. "What's yer name?"

"Cassidy," answered Pat.

"So?" said the policeman interestedly. "And where are you from?"

"County Clare," said Pat.

"Say," said the cop, "how the divvill did that fellow back into you?"

"Dat baby ob you's," said Mrs. Jackson, "am de puffedt image ob his fathah."

"Yas," answered Mrs. Johnson, "he am a reg'lar carbon copy."

Ragged Rogers: Dat's a mighty short stump yer smokin'.

Frayed Philip: Yep, I like 'em dat way. Yer don't have ter draw der smoke so far.

James, eight years old, had been naughty to the point of evoking a whipping from his long-suffering mother, and all day long a desire for revenge rankled in his little bosom.

At length bedtime came, and, kneeling beside her, he implored a blessing on each member of the family individually, his mother alone being conspicuous by her absence. Then, rising from his devout posture, the little suppliant fixed a keenly triumphant look upon her face, saying, as he turned to climb into bed:

"I s'pose you noticed you wasn't in it."

"I done heard it read in de paper," said Uncle Raspberry, "dat some o' dese here flyin'-machine gemmen says a man kin do anything a bird kin."

"That's what they say," said Aunt Chloe.

"Well, when any o' 'em sees a man sit fas' asleep, holdin' on to a tree branch wif his feet, I sho' wishes dey'd call me to have a look."

It was dusky in the secluded alcove, very dusky, and they sat silent. Something seemed to be on his mind. His face took on a strained look, like muddy coffee. He stirred uneasily, strangely. She flirted with her fan, he with her eyes. Suddenly the music struck up. It was his dance again, and she "adored" dancing.

"Damn," he whispered. Then she sprang it.

"Artie, what's the matter? You seem so uncomfortable."

Artie shuffled his handkerchief.

"Well, Gertie, you see I only had one suspender button to start with and—oh, pshaw, let's sit it out!"